

THE YEAR IN, AND BEYOND, THE GALLERIES OF NEW YORK: A RELATIVELY CONCISE CHRONICLE OF HIGHLIGHTS AND A TOP 10 LIST

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ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE SPLENDOR...

...—nothing fussy, nothing wasted—was the prevailing style for many of the most exciting gallery shows, whether Maggie Lee and her charming childhood-channeling dioramas in fish tanks at Real Fine Arts, or Theodore Sefcik and his bewitching animations in the basement of 247365, which combine the aesthetics of early computer games and early color video art, or Annie Pearlman and her sui generis paintings at White Columns, which feature shifting planes of flat color and vaguely nightmarish cityscapes—really odd, really wonderful. Nicholas Buffon showed more of his ingenious, hand-fashioned foam and paper models of buildings and urban objects at Callicoon Fine Arts. Ajay Kurian went small, as well, in peculiar new wall-hung sculptures that resembled maquettes for dystopian playgrounds at 47 Canal; one featured a Tootsie Roll bunker. An esteemed veteran of the mode, B. Wurtz, had a tight selection of his abstract sculpture—wood blocks, plastic bags, the odd sock—at 83 Pitt Street.

On the slicker end of the new-art spectrum, Josh Kline outdid himself at 47 Canal, in a show focused on the coming obsolescence of humans that included 3-D–printed instant classics: gray-uniformed people in the fetal position, wrapped in plastic. (Let's hope the machines dispose of us so nicely.) Sam McKinniss, at Team, was also in fine form, with comically accomplished paintings—of Prince and his motorcycle from the cover of *Purple Rain*, Flipper twirling majestically underwater, and a Fantin-Latour still life—that are by turns melancholy and mirthful. Also inhabiting a strange new zone was Philippe Parreno, with his aquarium of floating balloons at Gladstone 64.